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NBC

ADVERTISER

FARM AND HOME HOUR

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS (#121)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

WLS

(11:30 1:30 PM)

TIME

(MARCH 15 1935)

DATE

(FRIDAY)

DAY

U.S. RECEIVED
MAR 18 1935
FILE CLERK

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: "Whale Song's Forest Rangers"

CHORUS: QUARTET-"RANGER SONG"

ANNOUNCER: In the early days of the West cattle rustling occurred all the frequently on the open ranges. The extent to which such rustling was carried on depended on the isolation of the range and the stockman's initiative in combating the practice. After control of cattle raising on the National Forests came into effect this notorious work was greatly curtailed. Today the extensive rustling of large bands of cattle is unknown, but small herds still sometimes occur in spite of the constant efforts of civil authorities. Up on the Pine Cone District the Winning Creek Livestock Association at a recent meeting turned over a proposal by one of its members, Mrs. Gay, that a reward be offered for the capture of rustlers. Mrs. Gay, the proprietor of the Box O ranch and well known cattle and has herself posted a reward of \$100 for the capture and conviction of the thief. Last night she telegraphed Ranger Jim Subline that another animal was missing. As we have in at the Pine Cone Ranger Station today Jim and Jerry are in the office discussing the matter. Here they are -

JIM: Oh, good. Last night, Jerry - wanted to talk with you.
(SILENCE)

JERRY: (HASTILY) Oh, I'd better call and find out what she wants.

JIM: (SOLILY) Tell your mother, you - she told me what she
wanted.

JERRY: Oh - I thought it might be personal.

JIM: It was finally - she wants me to come over to her house
(SOLILY SINGS)

JERRY: (SOLILY) Well, I didn't tell her about last Wednesday
evening

JIM: Did she tell you what she really wanted, Jerry?

JERRY: No. She said a good word for it.

JIM: No, I remember you got into the hospital and I thought
it - one of her (SOLILY SINGS) Well, I didn't

JERRY: (SOLILY SINGS) Well, I didn't

JIM: No - the hospital didn't even work for it -

JERRY: Don't tell me the hospital. It's like he said, one day
it didn't work for it

JIM: Well, I, too - but I guess that's the Sheriff's job.

JERRY: Just the same I'd like to go over and - well, don't let me
concerned -

JIM: All right, go ahead - (DOOR OPENS) And you might tell her
the fact that you'll be over to the party.

JERRY: (DOOR) What did you say? (COMING UP) Well, Mother, I really
have my own way to go to the party and I'll

JERRY: (LAUGHS) I thought you'd found someone from all the -

JIM: Keep quiet now, - Give me that piece of wood, I'll see what it is.

VOICE: Here 'tis (PAUSE)

THOMPSON: Ah chucky. It's just wood.

JERRY: Wood? You too -

THOMPSON: Oh, I've killed three other birds of the woodpecker's - I've got some of the chickens' -

VOICE: Guess we better give it up.

JERRY: (EXCITEDLY) No, - wait a minute! - Guess - that's the guy, I'll bet.

THOMPSON: Aw, well, he wouldn't kill a flea.

JERRY: Watch him - I think he's been stealing Mrs. Gray's chickens and selling them in Tanning Creek.

THOMPSON: (LAUGHS) Him - he ain't got much enough, Jerry.

JERRY: What's he carrying - a shovel?

VOICE: Yeah, it's a shovel.

JERRY: There ain't any digging at this time of year.

THOMPSON: Well, you can use it for lots of things, you know.

JERRY: Yeah, sure - but what's he doing now, Jim, I can't see him.

JIM: Wait - keep still - he sure is acting suspicious - looks all 'round now he's started diggin' into that pile of brush.

JERRY: Yeah, I can see him. Looks as tho' he's diggin' a hole, now.

MRS. GAY: Why certainly (LAUGHS) What is that? (CALLS) Mr. Thompson, come over here, please.

BREED: (HORSE COMING UP) Now, what - what you -

JIM: (HOSTILE) Mrs. Gay, have you borrowed anything recent - or had any work done?

MRS. GAY: No, I haven't borrowed for a month - and nothing was done - not a thing.

BREED: Why do - no to that - what and you -

JIM: Mrs. Gay, should just buried a friend here up in the pasture - a red white-face - so they say to tell us about it -

(HORSE PLUNGES - COMMOTION - VOICES)

JIM: (CALLS) Hey you, come back here! - Don't go, Frank. There's your rope! (ROPE WHIRS) (HORSES PLUNGE & MEN TALK)

THOMPSON: That's not Larry, Breed?

MRS. GAY: What in the world are you doing, Frank? Take your own old hat now.

THOMPSON: Not till he explains about that side.

JIM: Your notions are kinda suspicious, Breed. Speak up if you've got anything to say. (PAUSE) What's talk, eh? Better take it down to the Sheriff, boys, he may decide to talk on the way.

BREED: (WHINING) Mrs. Gay, don't let 'em - they'll -

THOMPSON: Come on boys, we'll lead 'em in - (HORSES MOVE - MEN TALK)

BREED: No - no - Mr. Thompson - I didn't do it -

MRS. GAY: This is ridiculous, men - Breed wouldn't steal from me.

JERRY: Mrs. Gay, I've got pretty good proof that he's been selling your chickens around town - maybe some feed too -

